

# THE CHRONICLE

VOL. VI. NO. 22.

CROSSFIELD ALBERTA, THURSDAY, AUG. 21, 1913.

PRICE \$1 A YEAR.

## LAUT BROS.

**DUCK SHOOTING** begins August 23rd, how is your old gun. We have been fortunate in securing a quantity of travellers sample Guns that we are able to offer at unusually attractive prices. Now is the time to secure that gun you have been wanting for years.

- 1-Alger Arms Co., Automatic Safety Hammerless, top snap, side locks, best rolled steel barrels, matted extension rib, double bolt, polished walnut checked pistol grip stock with rubber cap and butt plate, chequered patent fore end, both barrels choke bored, 14 inch stock, 2 3/4 inch drop, 12 gauge, 30 inch barrel - \$20.00
- 1-Alger Arms Co., Double Barreled Hammer Model, 12 gauge, with fine Damascus Barrels, nicely finished - \$16.00
- 1-Same specifications but different finish - \$15.00
- 1-Imported, 12 gauge Hammer Model, nicely finished throughout, with barrels stamped "Damascus steel warranted Gov't test," good gun for anybody - \$14.00
- 1-Single Barrel Davenport, 12 gauge, with 30 inch special shaped detachable barrel, made from fine grain decarbonized rolled steel - \$13.00

And do not forget that we carry a full line of **Ammunition** in both U.M.C. Dominion, and that we are headquarters for **Sporting Goods During the Open Season.**

**Laut Brothers,**  
HARDWARE & GROCERIES.

## Pioneer Store

### BIG SALE OF HATS!!

To clear them out regardless of cost price.

Can you beat these prices anywhere?

It will pay you to step in and step under one of these Barrington Hats at these attractive prices. All Hats in the store are offered, and the Sale will last during August.

\$8.00 Panama Hats, for \$6.00	\$1.50 Straw Hats, for	\$1.10
6.50 " " "	4.85 " " "	.75
5.00 " " "	3.75 " " "	.30
3.50 " " "	2.60 " " "	
7.00 Silk Velour, for	5.00 Cowboy Hats, for	3.00
3.75 Hats for	2.80 " " "	1.80
3.50 " " "	2.60 " " "	1.65
3.00 " " "	2.25 " " "	1.50
1.75 " " "	1.80 " " "	

**Bring in all your Fresh Eggs.**

We are paying 27c in trade 25 cents Cash.

**Wm. Urquhart,**  
GENERAL MERCHANT,  
Crossfield, Alta.

### Local and General

Duck shooting opens this Saturday, the 23rd inst. The sports of the town and district are making preparations for a good time on that date.

Mrs. M. L. Boyle arrived home on Saturday last after a two months absence visiting at the old home. Mr. Boyle met her in Calgary.

Mr. West, late of the Canadian Bank of Commerce staff Lethbridge, has taken up his duties as teller at the local bank.

Lewis Russell and Son who have been farming the DeBuse farm have leased the W. M. Stafford place and will shortly move to their new home.

See McKory and Sons for your wants in loaded shells.

Levi Bone who has been running a dray business in Munson will move back shortly to his farm near Crossfield.

Mrs. Jas. Cavandar arrived home during the week greatly improved in health after her recent illness.

Mr. P. D. Addis has again resumed his duties at the local bank after a two weeks holiday.

The Washington Alberta Land Co. are making extensive repairs to their elevator.

If you require to renew your old Loan or take out a new one call and see me, as I can save you money. I represent the N. of Scotland Can. Mortgage Co., The Canada Life, and others. CHAS. HULTEREN.

A. W. Gordon disposed of a car load of binder twine to the farmers of the district during the past week.

Mr. E. H. Morrow reports that his fall wheat is ready for the binder and it is evident that cutting will be general in a few days.

Miss Tilly Eagleson arrived home on Saturday evening from her visit to Saskatoon.

The young people of the Floral district held a dance in the School House on Friday evening last. They report having had a good time.

Sherwin-Williams Paint covers most, looks best and wears longest. Lauts sell it.

Fred McKay who has been living in Red Deer during the past year arrived in town recently and is at present working with J. Trea and Co.

Messrs. Ontkes and Thomas were business visitors to Calgary during last week.

Without doubt the ladies fine shoes newly opened at Wm. Urquhart's are the nicest lines ever shown in this district.

Mr. Woods who was in charge of the Alberta Pacific Elevator here last year is spending a few days in town renewing old acquaintances.

Several of the local ladies visited Calgary for the opening of the New Hudson Bay Store.

Mr. W. Pines brought to the office a twig about six inches long cut from a red currant bush in his garden upon which there were 249 currants all of good size. Why can't more farmers try their hand at small fruit growing.

Landlord: "I regret I shall have to raise your rent next year, Mr. Riley." Farmer Riley: "Begorra, sir, I was wondering how I could raise it myself."

## E. H. MORROW

**Justice of the Peace--Notary Public**

Office:

The Old Parker Residence.

**Insurance. PHONE 31. Appraiser**

**W. B. EDWARD,**  
Dealer in HOGS and CATTLE.

Highest Market Price Paid.

**DELIVERY TAKEN AT ANY TIME.**

Crossfield - - - - - Alta.

**Atlas Lumber**  
Co., Ltd.

Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Roofing Paper, Building Paper, Brick, Lime, Plaster Cement, Sash and Doors, Moulding, Oak Dimension

**WOOD and COAL**  
ALWAYS ON HAND.

Let us give you estimates

**G. P. Blanchard,** LOCAL MANAGER.

## You May Buy

A RANGE that you think is as good as

**-THE MOFFAT-**

BUT we can convince you that there is nothing better in the Stove line.

**WE OFFER YOU**

- The "CANADA A" with High Closet and Reservoir for \$60.00
- The "CANADA B" with High Closet and Reservoir for \$65.00
- The "NELSON A" with High Closet and Reservoir for \$52.50
- The "NELSON B" with High Closet and Reservoir for \$32.50

Come in and let us talk Good Stoves with you

**W. McRory & Sons,**  
HARDWARE SPECIALISTS AND HEATING EXPERTS.





## Council Meetings

The council of the Village of Crossfield will meet in the Council Chamber over Fire Hall on the first Tuesday of each alternate month, commencing with February at 7 p.m.

By Order of the Village Council  
W. McElroy, Sec.-Treas.

## Lodge Cards

## CROSSFIELD LODGE I. O. O. F.

No. 42  
Meets Every Wednesday Night in the Oddfellows Hall at 8 p.m.  
Visiting Brethren Welcome.  
ARCHIE KNOX, C.M.S. THOMAS,  
Fin. Sec'y. Rec. Sec'y.

## Crossfield School District No. 752

THE REGULAR MEETING of the above school Board will be held at the School House at 10 a.m. on the first Saturday in the following months: January, March, May, July, September and November.  
All matters of business pertaining to this district will be attended to at this meeting.

The office of the Sec.-Treas. is in the real estate office next the Coroner's Office.  
A. R. Thomas, Chairman.  
E. S. McElroy, Sec.-Treas.

U. S. BROWN,  
AUCTIONEER

Sales Conducted in Town or Country.

Post Office Address CREMONA.  
Or call at the Chronicle Office.

F. MOSSOP,  
Licensed Drayman.

FOR HIRE Good Team of Work Horses, about 2,000 lbs., by Day, Week or longer.

Write, Phone or apply at Atlas Lumber Co., Crossfield.

CITY  
BARBER SHOP  
HOT BATHS.

Cleanliness is Our Motto.

H. W. LOCKWOOD,  
PROPRIETOR.

Watch Repairs, etc.

## Estrays.

Stray Horses.—Liberal Reward offered for the Recovery of any Horses bearing the Brand (a half diamond) on left thigh.  
Notify the Trusts and Guarantee Company, Limited, Calgary.

## For Sale

Several Good young Work Teams for sale. Apply to GEO. HUSER, Crossfield or phone 414, circuit 4.

HAY ON ONE SECTION OF LAND FOR SALE.—Or will arrange to put up on shares. 6½ miles east of town. Enquire at Chronicle Office.

To be Sold Cheap, Two Second-Hand BINDERS, in good condition. McCormick Bt., Deering Bt.  
Apply to D. A. McARTHUR, Crossfield.

## Lost on the Trail.

Lost on the Trail between Crossfield and Havens Ranch. GRIP. Finder please notify R. F. Bevan, Bottrel; or leave the same at the Crossfield Livery Barn.

## LOST.

LOST.—One Roan HORSE, branded H (H joined) on left side, age about 9 years, weight about 1,300 lbs. Left my place about a month ago. Last seen at Barney Madelin's place. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of this horse please inform the Chronicle. A. A. BANTA.

## CROSSFIELD LOCAL &amp; GENERAL.

Mr. Harrop, Principal at Riverside Public School, Calgary is supplying as principal here until the arrival of Miss Harrop.

Miss Reid, of Madison, Wis., is visiting at the home of her sister T. J. Elliott.

T. J. Elliott was a business visitor to Calgary on Thursday.

Mr. Conrad of the Alberta Hotel, has rented the residence lately occupied by E. H. Morrow and is moving in his family shortly.

We regret to announce that W. B. Edward has decided to move his family to Calgary shortly.

The Rev. A. B. Angue, of Olds, visited at the Parsonage Wednesday and Thursday.

Wm. Urquhart has placed in stock last week a large shipment of J. & T. Bell's Ladies Fine Shoes. This make is known as the best in Canada.

The usual practice of the 22-Rifle Club was held on Tuesday evening last. The following are the best of the scores: Atkinson 50, L. McElroy 45, Addis 35, C. Edward 25. Young men are cordially invited to join.

The Wrestling bout on Tuesday evening was not very well patronized, and judging from the number of volunteers who offered to try conclusions with Taylor, the champion of Canada, wrestling has not a very strong hold of the young men of this community. Chas. Smart went to the mat with him and managed to last 11 minutes.

Save coal and wood, dust and worry, and buy an oil stove at Laut Bros. See them in the window.

## Birth.

On the 14th August, to Mr. and Mrs. W. Stauffer, a daughter.

## Marriage.

At the residence of the bride's father Rodney School District, on the 19th inst., by the Rev. J. P. Berry, B.A., William A. Spooner was united in marriage to Eliza J. eldest daughter of Mr. William John McKay.

## Mixed Farming

A man cannot by a section or two of Saskatchewan land and a traction engine and make money by raising grain alone, while buying gasoline and coal and neglecting all the other possibilities of his farm, but one can start with a quarter or a half section and enough money to buy the necessary implements and a yoke of oxen, or a team of horses, along with a cow and a few hogs, chickens, etc., and soon become independent, if the property utilizes everything on the ground, and does not go unnecessarily into debt so as to become swamped with interest. I personally know many such men who began in this way from five to ten years ago, who today are comfortably off; worth between \$10,000 and \$20,000, with practically no liabilities. They are mostly from Manitoba or Eastern Canada. The attention of the country should be given, and is being given, to farming in every branch of the business, and to bringing down the cost of producing wheat, and more attention in towns should be given to starting small industries of various kinds.—The Monetary Times.

## All Kinds

of Job Printing  
Promptly Attended  
to at the Chronicle  
Office.

TOWN AND COUNTRY  
HELP EACH OTHER

Farms and Industrial Centres are Complementary—Relations of Urban and Rural Populations

(From Winnipeg Country Life)

Man cannot live by bread alone, and a Province cannot live by farms alone or a nation by the sole industry of agriculture. Country and town are complementary—inter-dependent rather than independent. One is essential to the real progress and to the full fruition of the other.

The country supplies the town or city with its brain and muscle, with the physical strength without which material and intellectual advancement is impossible. Most of the leading men in the business and professional life of any urban population were country-bred, and medical experts tell us that no city family can maintain its normal vitality past the second or third generation without recourse to life on the land. Our foremost statesmen, clergymen, physicians, lawyers, and educationalists, our most vigorous captains of industry, commercial magistrates and railway builders came up from those rural districts which are an ever-living well-spring of urban vitality and manhood.

Outlet for Young People

Just here the law of compensation appears. If the farm produces red blood for the town or city, the town or city affords a consistent outlet for this red blood. Young men and women, whose inclination or ambition renders them averse to country life find their natural field of effort in the neighboring urban centre. If such centre is not near at hand the family must suffer and ever-increasing numbers of valuable citizens and their productive capacities are lost to the country, the Province or even to the nation. If these young people can find congenial city occupations or vocations in some town or city near home they remain in touch with their own people and enlarge the purchasing capacity of such centre so far as the foodstuffs produced by the neighboring farmers are concerned. This phase of the present argument will become growingly convincing as the agricultural communities of the West take to mixed farming and the cultivation of other foodstuffs than the primary grains.

Social Interdependence

There are far wider senses in which the urban centre confers vital and vitalizing benefits upon the territory contiguous to it for miles around. The town or city that leads the social side of the race and affords opportunity for those activities in which human beings secure better results collectively than individually or in comparative isolation. It is only in populous places that colleges, universities and other institutions of learning and culture spring up, and but for these the farmer's boys and girls could have no education beyond that provided by the local public schools. It is only in the concentration of human beings in hundreds and thousands the nation would enjoy no development in music, painting, sculpture, architecture, in the higher civilization and finer graces of life. But for towns and cities there would have been little advancement in medical science and there would be none of those modernly equipped hospitals to which the farmer and his wife and children are glad to go for relief when stricken by disease or accident. Even religion itself would suffer for want of the driving force which it acquires in the theological colleges and philanthropic associations which are to be found only in our cities. If some of our manufacturers and business men acquire large fortunes, many of them give freely of their substance that colleges, universities, and hospitals may minister to the forming as well as to the urban population.

It stands to reason, therefore, that the greater the number of towns and cities scattered about the prairies the better for those who till the soil. Villages do not grow into towns and cities without manufacturing industries, and manufacturing industries cannot live in Canada except under theegis of a fiscal policy which encourages their establishment and growth in the country. This is true for the Eastern as well as for the Western Provinces.

The Massey-Harris Co., Toronto, is erecting a four-story warehouse costing \$150,000 in Calgary, Alta. It has also purchased a site for the erection of a warehouse in Lethbridge, Alta.

New 1914 Prices  
EFFECTIVE AUGUST 1, 1913

Model T. Runabout - \$600.00  
Model T. Touring Car \$650.00  
Model T. Towncar Car \$900.00

With full equipment f.o.b.  
Walkerville.

Ford Motor Company  
of Canada, Ltd.  
Walkerville, Ont.

Agent: A. W. Gordon, Crossfield.

## LAND WANTED:

I have applicants for Land.

Send me your listings along with particulars.

A number of Agents in the States.

JAS. RUDDY,  
Crossfield, Alta.

P.O. Box 53. Phone 214.

THE  
Supreme  
Court of  
ALBERTA.

1913-1914.

Sittings of the Supreme Court of Alberta, en banc, and for the trial of causes, Civil and Criminal, and for the hearing of motions and other civil business, will be held at the following times and places for 1913-1914. When the date set for the opening of a Court or sitting is a holiday, such Court or sitting shall commence on the day following such holiday:

Edmonton: Third Tuesday in September and March.

Calgary: First Tuesday in December and June.

For Trial of Civil Non-Jury Causes: EDMONTON AND CALGARY:

First Monday in October, and each Monday thereafter except during vacation.

For Trial of Criminal and Civil Jury Causes: EDMONTON AND CALGARY:

Third Tuesday in October, February and May.

For Trial of all Criminal Causes: WETASKIWIN: Second Tuesday in October and March.

RED DEER: Fourth Tuesday in October and February.

MEDICINE HAT: Second Tuesday in November and Third Tuesday in April.

MACLEOD: Second Tuesday in October, February and May.

LETHBRIDGE: First Tuesday in October and Fourth Tuesday in April.

For Trial of all Civil Causes: WETASKIWIN: First Tuesday in November and Fifth Tuesday in April.

RED DEER: Third Tuesday in November and Fourth Tuesday in April.

MEDICINE HAT: Fourth Tuesday in October and Second Tuesday in March.

MACLEOD: Second Tuesday in November and Third Tuesday in April.

LETHBRIDGE: Third Tuesday in November and Second Tuesday in May.

Dated at Edmonton, Alberta, this Seventh day of July, 1913.

J. D. HUNT,

Inspector of Legal Office.

Farmers Repair  
Shop

Special Attention Given to

BLACKSMITHING.

Blacksmith's Coal for Sale.

PRICES RIGHT

ALEX JESSIMAN, - Prop.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-  
WEST LAND REGULATIONS

ANY person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the nearest Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties.—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre.

Duties.—Must reside upon the homestead or pre-emption six months in each of six years from the date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties.—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

W. W. CORY,  
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

S.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

## OVER 25 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

## PATENTS

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FROM DOCUMENT AVAILABLE

## HESTER HOW RETIRES

TORONTO SLUM TEACHER GIVES UP FAMOUS SCHOOL.

After Thirty Years of Heroic Work Among the Children of St. John's Ward Woman, After Whom School is Named, Lays Down Her Task—Miss How's Lieutenant, Mrs. Warburton, Will Go With Her.

There will be sorrow among hundreds of children and grown-up people of St. John's Ward, Toronto's slum and foreign quarter, when at the end of the present school session, Miss How and Mrs. Warburton leave the Elizabeth Street School. For over a quarter of a century Miss How has been there teaching, guiding, helping with rare sweetness, tact and strength through her efforts and those of her helpers, hungry little ones have been fed, scantily dressed ones clothed and wronged righted. She has gladly received cast-off clothing from more prosperous children, and until a year or two ago the poorer children have been given a plentiful supply of hot soup, bread and sometimes cakes at the noon hour.

The Hester How School is very different from the school in the Ward thirty years ago when Miss How began her work there. "Howland



MISS HESTER HOW.

walking down to business through the Ward in those days used to worry over the number of boys who stood around the corners, developing badness. They were all Canadian boys; there was not a Jew in the Ward then. There was also no truant officer, and boys of fifteen or sixteen years had never been to school.

Mr. Howland and Miss Beverley Jones offered to give the school and pay for the janitor if the School Board supplied the teachers. The first school was in Mission Hall, on lower Centre avenue. The next move was to Orange Hall, on Chestnut street, then to Mission Hall on the corner of Laplane and College. When the McCull Street School was built they were given the old Elizabeth Street School, and about a year ago they moved into the new one, just south of the new General Hospital.

Until about five years ago hot dinners were given all the children who needed it, and clothes were supplied them by the school. One day in school, "Friday afternoon was clothing day," Miss How said reminiscently the other day, "and I remember I never saw a child without having an eye to what clothes he would need on Friday. But it is no need for this in the Ward now."

The work of Mrs. G. C. Warburton, Miss How's chief assistant, and of Miss Florence Sims, has been almost equally interesting. For twenty-eight years no one but boys, first in the industrial school and for the last seventeen or eighteen years the newboys' class in the Ward.

Mrs. Warburton is very proud of her boys, and she has a right to be. They have made themselves by honesty and hard work. She has proved time and again that all that the boys want is a chance. One boy started with one 25-cent piece, and is now worth thousands of dollars, some of it made through real estate. He is still selling paper.

"Those news merchants," said Mrs. Warburton, "who own boxes at the corners of the streets and through, gentle gentlemen, earning their living grandly, and becoming some of Toronto's best citizens."

The regret at the loss of Miss How and Mrs. Warburton, who have just resigned their positions, may easily be imagined. And anyone who has had the opportunity of meeting them will readily understand how much of their success has been due to their sweetness of manner, the directness of their sympathy, their kindness and tact.

Hester How School will always stand as a monument to one of the greatest-hearted, loving and self-sacrificing women Toronto has known.

**Wine new returns.**  
Mrs. Vassie Rich, a community-Longfellow says, "We cannot buy with gold the old associations."

Fractious Rich—Don't you believe it, my dear. When I was in politics I found that raw would purchase the sweetest organisation on earth—Life.

## HIS FOOLHARDY FEAT.

A Nerve Trying Climb Up the Face of a Steep Precipice.

In his book, "Travelling and Camping in Alaska," A. M. Powell, a government surveyor, tells how one of his party was led into one most hazardous predicament. He says:

"We landed on a grassy knoll at the foot of a precipitous mountain spur. After supper one of the trio tried to climb to a ledge which was so steep that could be plainly seen from the camp. After an hour's hard work he reached the ledge, but it proved disappointing. He then saw that he could not descend without eyes in his face. If he could succeed a few hundred feet he might lower himself down a draw by the help of scattering alder brush. He spent another hour in getting to that place only to discover a precipice in the path he had expected to descend."

There was another chance left; he might climb to the top of the spur far above. No living man could have done this, and he was expected to descend a minute if it had not been for the moon that was rooted in the small crevices.

He continued climbing until about 10 o'clock, when he passed to look down on the campfire and the water, more than a thousand feet below him. He felt a sickness come over him, so he turned his gaze to the rock wall, a foot from his face.

When near the summit he found himself face to face with a perpendicular wall about twelve feet high. There appeared to be a small bench on top of this wall, on which he might rest if he could reach it. He sat for a few moments on a large rock that lay at the foot of the wall; then with his knife he cut notches for finger and toe holds. Holding by these he climbed up and dug a sort of trench through the moss on the rim above, through which he might draw his body. Then he descended the rock, a long rest before making the final effort.

He finally nerved himself to the task, put his fingers in the notches and drew himself from the rock, with the pressure of the departing foot, said goodby and went bumping down, down. The man was left clinging to his notches—hope and life above, sure death below.

His drops of sweat stood on his forehead as he steadily worked up, up, and held with one hand while he fastened the other into the moss above. Half of his body finally rested on the edge, and the other half hung in space without a foothold. It seemed impossible to move from that position until he saw an alder stem, an inch in diameter, that had grown a little to the bench. He tried its strength. It enabled him to pull himself up and lie on the narrow bed of moss, where he thought of friends far away and his own folly.

There was but one way out and that was along a six inch shelf about 100 feet from the water, and ending on the sloping ridge. Along this the man could edge his body by holding on to the jagged places in the rock wall. He took off his shoes and set off along this sloping path, but he had to be careful not to look down from his dizzy height to the distant campfire.

The feat was accomplished safely and a thankful mortal lay on the green, grassy ridge in complete collapse. He was about the size of a 216 lb. man, above the sea, and his watch told him that it was halfpast 12 in the morning.

## The English Breakfast.

England has known many changes during recent years. Castle lines have been obliterated, the silk hat is no longer the object of universal veneration, actors have been knighted and buns introduced into restaurants. But the breakfast table is the last ditch of British conservatism. The Englishmen eat bacon and eggs 305 mornings in the year and welcome less year because it enables him to indulge in that delightful dish 305 times. The monarchy may be abolished and the house of lords deprived of its prerogative, but the English breakfast will remain as it was in the days of our conqueror. —New York Herald.

## That Elusive Gray Hair.

"What makes me really mad," said the woman, "is to spend minutes, say five hours, trying to get hold of a white hair that shows up on my head like a dazzling light, yet which is tentatively elusive when I try to catch it, and then when I do finally separate it, that shows up on my head like a blazing light, yet which is tentatively elusive when I try to catch it, and then when I do finally separate it, that shows up on my head like a blazing light, yet which is tentatively elusive when I try to catch it."

New York Times.

## Penny For Research Work.

By the recent British Insurance Act it is provided that one penny for each insured person, payable out of the moneys provided by Parliament, may be retained by the Insurance Commissioners to be applied for the purposes of research, and the total sum thus available will at present amount to about \$266,000 per annum. While the main concern of this part of the act is to combat tuberculosis, the commissioners have been advised that the money may properly be applied to research in connection with any disease which may easily be insured persons.

## A WELL-EARNED TITLE.

Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson Wait of Long For Recognition.

Whatever doubt there may be as to some men's fitness for titles, there can be no doubt as to Sir Forbes Robertson's. The legitimate successor of Henry Irving on the English stage has waited until he is almost ready to leave the stage before getting the title which, as a recognition of the drama might well have come earlier.

Forbes Robertson has always worked hard to keep the modern achievements of the English stage on a level with the highest and most powerful traditions. There never was a time when this was so difficult as to-day. Henry Irving had the advantage of the full flower of the Victorian era in literature and art. He also got his title but a few years before he trod the stage for the last time. Sir Beerbohm Tree, who has never been in Canada, and has cultivated the English very little, gets his much earlier in life.

Kings and queens have become necessary to the drama, much more than they were in the days when actors were the only lords and ladies. The line of English sovereigns, though less strenuous in dramatic affairs than the actors, has done much to keep the drama. Queen Victoria was never a critic, though Sir Forbes Robertson has many a time been called on the King Edward, as Forbes Robertson himself said when the King died, was "probably forerunner of a man who has not yet appeared."

His title of King George the Fourth of Shakespeare, that he has honored the name of Shakespeare, even the edge of his retirement from the stage. No actor of recent times has contributed more to the drama than Sir Forbes Robertson. He has always been a tremendous worker. He has given the stage its best Hamlet and has done much to keep Shakespeare on a high level without the glamour of overloaded spectacle. He has always been a poor man, his last American success, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" was in many respects the worst thing he ever did, but it was well presented and it made money for the actor, which at that time he intended to use in a great revival of Shakespeare.

His use of this play was almost a life of circumstance. Jerome, the author, called on Robertson, asking him to read the manuscript. The actor consented. The author asked for immediate delivery.

"My dear Jerome," said Robertson, "that is impossible."

"But let me read it to you!" said the author. Robertson submitted. The first act, as he confessed, gave him a weary feeling, for Jerome is a poor reader. The second act, however, was a relief. The third seemed barely possible. "Well," said Robertson to his wife, "I shall not let Jerome expect us to play it."

"Why, you'll have to do it," said she.

With much misgiving the task was undertaken. And it was the easiest part of the work. Robertson said that Robertson ever had.

Sir Forbes began life really as a painter and ran a picture gallery. He got from the stage to the studio.

**Irish Co-operative Banks.**  
Many small Irish farmers and peasants who find a difficulty in making both ends meet during a bad season, are anxiously awaiting the decision of the British Government in regard to Irish Co-operative Agricultural Banks.

A public inquiry into the organization and the chances of success of these institutions has just been completed. One of the chief considerations stands out clearly from the mass of evidence. Whether the bank under examination was situated north or south, in Tipperary, Donegal or Mayo, the absolute honesty and integrity of borrowers and dealers were demonstrated. No other country, it may be confidently asserted, could produce a palmer and runner has been known. The co-operative banks have been hampered and handicapped in various ways in Ireland, but none of their difficulties have arisen for want of good faith and punctuality on the part of the borrowers.

**Tablet For William Wallace.**

Some time ago a tablet was placed in Westminster Abbey, London, marking the place where Warren Hastings lost his trial; now a movement is on foot to have a tablet erected in centuries earlier. Sir William Wallace, the Scottish patriot, had his barbarous death at the hands of his English captors. It can scarcely be called in the place historic building. According to the chronicles of Sir John Wallace, he was placed on a scaffold at the south end of the hall, with a laurel wreath on his brow. In a moment of weakness he was said to have been his boast that "he would wear a crown in that hall." The tablet is the work of the earliest held in Westminster Hall.

Travelers report that in Italy the do-doing of raw meat in restaurants is now so common as to be to women, at any rate a public annoyance. The waiter brings the plate of food and within it to the eyes of the man about to lunch, who watches the process of cutting and of sprinkling with salt and pepper. Over the dish is then poured a raw egg.

## DEFYING FATHER TIME.

Sir Charles Tupper One of the Empire's Most Amazing Veterans.

The recent arrival in England of Sir Charles Tupper, the veteran Canadian statesman, furnishes a London Daily Chronicle writer with some very interesting facts. Now, more than ever, it is the day of the old man with vitality.

"Sir Charles Tupper is, at ninety-one still hale and hearty. He carries himself back a long way, for he is the sole survivor of the 'Fathers of Confederation,' as the framers of the Constitution of Canada, the men who welded the scattered provinces of British North America into a new nation, are called.

"The first time I came to England was in 1840," said Sir Charles, when he arrived in London recently, after making his sixty-fourth trip across the Atlantic. "I crossed the Atlantic in a brigantine of 160 tons, and we were forty days getting from St. John to Louisbourg."

In the ranks of the veterans one of the most interesting figures is Sir George Birdwood. He attributes his long life "to a certain playful devilry of spirit, a ceaseless vitality, quite unaffected, so that when I left the India Office I declared I would live another ten years, and I was told that was all an insurance society told me I was worth." His extraordinary longevity is based on one of the subjects, which earned him in India the fitting nickname of "Old Bird." He has not lost his mind out of love with life, and at eighty-one he declares that the old age of vigor is the youngest age in the world.

Lord Wemyss, at ninety-four, is perhaps the most interesting figure in the Old Guard, which, like Napoleon's veteran corps, may die, but never surrenders. At eighty could produce a fine piece of statuary; at ninety-two he could play an excellent game of golf and drive his own motor-car. Lord Wemyss is the only legislator now living who sat in the temporary building which was erected after the old House of Commons was burned down, and utilized while the present House was being built.

With Lord Wemyss must be bracketed Lord Halsbury. At eighty-eight he is still a vigorous life. He never regards himself as old enough to do nothing. His secret of long life is, perhaps, that he has never given up work, and to-day he often puts in as hard a day as anyone in England. He has been called a "handy and complete work" of twenty volumes. He is a believer in wine, tobacco, and has never touched it all his life. He never went to school, yet he reached the present position open to his profession.

## No More True St. Bernards.

The Hoopie of St. Bernard has lost much of its former importance through the opening of the tunnels between the Alps and the sea. It is still employs its famous dogs, writes a correspondent.

It is a curious custom, however, to send forth the dogs with baskets of food and wine; a man always goes with them; and the animals employed are not really of the famous St. Bernard breed. The dogs are, perhaps, the last of the fourteenth century through a cross between a shepherd dog from Wales and a dog from the Pyrenees. Great Dane and half Pyrenean mastiff. The last pure descendant of the breed was sent to an avalanche in 1816.

Those who wish to see a true St. Bernard, may go to the National History Museum at Bern, where the stuffed body of the famous dog is preserved. A popular story has it that Barry, having gone to the rescue of a traveler, was mistaken by the man for a wolf, and shot as such; but he seems really to have died in the course of nature at Bern, nearly a hundred years ago. There is plenty of St. Bernard blood left, however, crossed with other strains, and the family of the breed can never perish.

One of the happiest compliments that can be paid to a man is to say that he is a St. Bernard.

"I haven't seen you for ages. I live the life of a St. Bernard," said the hard-working statesman.

"Yes," said Lord Houghton, "of a St. Bernard, the savior of men."

**When Arnold Bennett Forget.**  
Arnold Bennett, says "The Daily Sketch," is a man to be reckoned with. He knows his Paris well, and has written of her magic night. As he is a man of letters, he has been just off the Boulevard des Capucines, he asked a friend of mine: "If I were to write a novel, would you be an Englishman?" "Of course," replied his companion, "eyeing him narrowly, I was to write a novel, would you be an Englishman?" "Of course," replied his companion, "eyeing him narrowly, I was to write a novel, would you be an Englishman?"

"Deduction," my dear Watson, deduction," crowed my friend, "if you are to write a novel, you a plate automatically you lift it and turn it over to see the 'pot mark' the maker's imprint."

**Young Wright—What magazine will give me the highest position quickest?**  
"The Young Man," said the publisher, "if you send in a story article—Chas. and Leader."

CHOICE BUTTER  
MADE ON THE FARM

R. B. Rockwood in Board's Dairyman, says of farm buttermaking: "I was talking recently with a farmer whose wife who makes butter for a private line of customers, delivering it every two weeks."

The process of making choice butter is thoroughly understood by this woman. The quality is never the same. The color never varies, nor does the making. Everything about it from start to finish is done by rule. She has a separator run by a gasoline engine. The men separate the milk as they bring it from the barn. The cream is cooled at once and not mixed with that previously separated while it is warm. Churning is done every other day, or three times each week. A barrel churn, with no inside paddles whatever, is used. The cream is ripened by setting it in a warm place, adding a little buttermilk left from the last churning and stirring well. It is considered sufficient ripened when it "pits" or when a spoon dipped into it is well coated on removal. Such cream poured out like thick milk, is strained through a sieve into the churn.

The amount of butter color is gauged according to the color of the cream. The rich tint is secured to the finished product, yet not so high a color as to offend the eye. Salt is stirred and used at the rate of an ounce and a half to



The remarkable vitality and milk producing qualities of the Brown Swiss breed of dairymilk cattle are indicated by the performance of Ota. It was born in 1891, and is now equipped with a broken shoulder, she had an official record with her first calf of 2,000 pounds of milk containing 22.15 pounds of butter fat in two months. Her calf, owned by the Wallis farm, Middleburg, N. Y.

the pound. The tastes of the consumers seem to agree on this amount, which is not too much after the butter is worked.

The winter churning temperature is right around 22 degrees. The cows are Jersey grades and produce a heat resisting quality of fat. Sometimes 40 degrees of heat will not melt the butter. The texture, when the globules reach the size of kernels of wheat a part of the buttermilk is drawn away and as much water of the same temperature is put into the churn. This is given a few turns and the cork again removed. This time the butter is drained pretty well, and then washed with a pail of water at 22 degrees. I should have said that a handful of salt is added to the first water. This assists in separating the globules from the milk and floats them freely on the top. A hair sieve over a pail catches whatever particles run through. Sometimes under pail water is used. The butter is sufficiently washed out the milk, but all water used is in cold weather tempered to 60 or 64 degrees so as to leave the butter just right to work. Salt is stirred over the granules in the churn and the whole partly worked by revolving the churn. It is finished with a bowl and indle, all this work being completed and the butter packed in small earthen crocks before it hardens. In summer it is usually set away for several hours before the first working and then reworked to finish the job. This is done because of different temperature conditions existing between the two seasons.

**Fattening Sheep With Silage.**  
Accurate data regarding the value of silage in a ration for fattening sheep and lambs is scarce, but what there is indicates that it is useful. As far back as the early nineties the Michigan experiment station fed silage to sheep at age and other foodstuffs. The gist of their findings is to the effect that a mixture of foders composed largely of a good quality silage, as roughage, at a cheap and successful ration for fattening lambs. The Iowa station at Ames made some comparative tests of dry hay roots and silage as roughage for two years. The average of the two years was favorable to the use of silage as a means of cheapening the ration. The roughage from all lots fed of into market toppers, but the dressed carcasses showed the silage lambs a little superior on the hook.

**So It Is.**  
"Pop, is an obnoxious anything sleep?"  
"Of course, it is obnoxious. What put that into your head?"  
"Well, it's always wronging."



## Confession of a Graduate

### A Story For Commencement

By EDITH V. ROSS

When I was a little girl there was a boy in the high school of whom great things in a scholarly way were expected. He not only stood first in his class, but showed an originality that astonished the teachers. Alan Broadwell was his name, and at the time I first heard of him and his remarkable brain he was fifteen years old. He was then prepared to go to college, but his father would not permit him to go until he was two years older.

I was then thirteen, the age when a girl throws away her doll and begins to aspire to things less childish and more womanlike. I had two brothers, Tom and Jim—Tom a year older than Alan, and Jim a year younger. One May morning, when I was sitting on the porch reading a romance, Alan Broadwell came in at the gate and asked if Tom was at home. I told him that Tom was in the house and I would go and find him.

That was all that was required of me. Alan wouldn't betray a thought on me for a companion, and yet,



"I PUT MY HANDKERCHIEF TO MY EYE."

though I was a child to him, he was a good deal to me—a tall, handsome, intellectual boy—and I would have given a year of my life for a single word or even look indicating his slightest interest in me.

When Alan was graduated at college he was made assistant professor of English literature at the same institution. The university was a co-ed institution, and when I became twenty I entered for a degree. My brother Tom had gone far away, and Professor Broadwell, who was just entering upon his duties as an instructor, was not aware that there was such a person as myself among the students. I did not make myself known to him, and I had so changed that he did not recognize me.

When my class reached a point where we were required to write essays we handed them in for inspection and correction to him. If there was a facility for anything in my dull brain he was for scribbling. At school my compositions always received the highest mark. When I wrote my first essay as a college student I had special pains with it—pains in two ways, the one to treat my subject as well as possible, the other to make a lot of errors in the construction of sentences. In explanation of this I will say that students go to college for different purposes. Usually they go to get an education. Some go to have a good time. I went for the purpose of emulating Professor Broadwell. By making the substance of my essay good I would attract his attention. By putting in a great many errors I was likely to have them pointed out to me by the professor.

A few days after handing in my production I was asked to remain after lecture, and when the class had gone out I went up to the professor's desk. He took up my essay and said to me:

"Miss Brown, you have a gift for writing, and it is a pity that your education in grammar and construction of sentences should be so deficient."

He opened my manuscript, and it was a sight to behold. There were innumerable scratches, blotches, I've with the tips turned the wrong way—to mark new paragraphs—words interlined here and there with little circles under them. Indeed, the whole essay

looked as if a deadly tongue had waded through a pool of ink, then stroled over the paper.

"One of the first rules of rhetoric," the professor went on, "is that the opening paragraph should be pointed and not too long. It should catch the attention of the reader and direct it toward what is to follow. I would divide your first paragraph here." And he put the tip of his pencil on one of his P's with the wrong side foremost. "I also observe," he continued, "that in a number of instances you have ended a sentence with a preposition, which is undesirable. I would recommend you to learn the difference between 'shall' and 'will'. You have invariably used them incorrectly."

"I can't."

"Oh, yes, you can. It's very simple when you catch the idea."

He went on to explain it to me, using the familiar illustration of the man in the water who intended to shout "No one will save me; I shall drown," but said instead "No one will save me; I can't swim." He gave me a grammatical rule for it all, and when he had finished, if I were drowning and should act in accordance with his misunderstanding of his explanation, would certainly forbid any one to help me. But I didn't tell him so. I simply looked as if it were all clear to me.

He was certainly very kind to give me all this information, and if I had any conscience I should have been ashamed of myself that ten-thirtieths of it was unnecessary. I having made the errors on purpose. I thanked him at the end of his instructions and said that I would profit by them. He was deceived, for I intended to make other mistakes in my next essay that would bring about a similar interview.

And so I did. On the second occasion of my being called upon to remain after lecture for instruction the professor complimented me even more highly on my handling of my subject than before, but he seemed to be much distressed on my deficiency of handling the English language. "You confuse the verbs 'to lie' and 'to lay,'" he said, "the one meaning to recline, the other to place something." He gave me the grammatical picture, then asked me to give him an example. I said, "I would have lain the book on the table."

He looked at me with a mingled pity and distress and went over the ground again, which was what I wished him to do, for I had made the blunder previously. He said to me, "I have explained he asked me for another example. I said, 'I laid down to rest.' At this he grew impatient and spoke sharply to me, whereupon I put my handkerchief to my eyes to conceal tears that I could not shed. At this he spoke to me not only gently, but I was relieved at perceiving tenderness in his voice.

"Pardon me, Miss Brown," he said; "I will not be so impatient with you again. Doubtless you will learn all these points in construction in time. I have been anxious that you should acquire them because you are one of the best writers in your class. I will not call your attention to them again, but leave you to pick them up as you proceed."

"You mean that you're tired of trying to teach me," I whined.

"Not at all; not at all, I assure you. If you prefer it I will continue."

"I do prefer it," I said, drying eyes into which I had succeeded in forcing a tear. He then, taking my essay, I went to the door, the professor politely opening it for me. I maintaining my lugubrious countenance till it came behind me. Then I congratulated myself that I had made considerable advance toward obtaining the degree that was nearest my heart—M. A. L., or mistress of the art of love.

I blushed now, years after I was aiming at this degree, at the devices, the expedients, to which I resorted. During the period that I was handing in essays to Professor Broadwell I continued a pretended obtuseness at his instructions that they might be repeated over and over again. I put off telling him that I was the sister of his boy chum, that I had acted the part of messenger for him when I was a little girl and that during his visits to Tom had never once looked at the diploma to me except as he would to a child.

One day Tom came from his faraway home and visited me at college. He had lost track of Broadwell, but, talking up a college bulletin, saw his name among those of the faculty.

"Upon my word!" he exclaimed. "My old friend Alan Broadwell is here as assistant professor of English literature."

"Is he?" I said indifferently.

He ran away to find his chum, and that evening I was introduced to the professor as Tom's sister. There was real surprise expressed by the professor and sham surprise by me. By this time I had made a different impression upon my victim from that of a child, and from that time I was treated with the additional consideration of Tom's sister. I became under the professor's instruction proficient in the use of the English language and gave him credit for having infused a knowledge of the subject into my dull brain.

When my college career came to an

and I told Professor Broadwell that I should rely on him for advice with regard to my commencement oration. It was not that I wished to make a creditable exit from the university on taking my degree, but that I might take that other degree of M. A. L. before leaving him a prey to other women, and I was sure that I could bring him to a proposal while consulting with him upon the subject matter of my oration. It required half a dozen consultations, but I succeeded in securing a subject, half a dozen more to decide upon its treatment and a couple of dozen more to consider changes in the text after it had been written.

The evening before commencement we were sitting side by side, my manuscript before us. There were no intermissions, no potatoes, no crabs. I was for the production was finished and ready for the next day's use. The professor, instead of making a potboiler with his pen on the manuscript, made one with his arm around my waist. Then I was happy, for I knew that in addition to the degree of M. A. L. the president would hand me the music book I had attained that of M. A. L., so much nearer to my heart.

Hypnotism in Italy. The Italian government has issued a decree forbidding all experiments in hypnotism, magnetism, mesmerism and kindred extra-sensory music, or any other public entertainment. The decree is the outcome of protests made by the medical faculty on the ground of the dangerous consequences of such experiments upon weak-minded persons.

### HE DID IT ON PURE BLUFF.

How He Maintained His Reputation as Chief School Bully.

The bully of a certain school operated with a reputation as a student, athletic young fellow of nineteen years, who weighed about 125 pounds. He was quarterback on the football team, and the best wrestler in the school, but many pounds lighter than his athletic mass. Yet he was able to control the minds of those with whom he dealt without the necessity of resorting to his fists.

One day a young member of the faculty called him aside and inquired as to the reason for this.

"I notice," he said, "that when you have a clash and trouble is imminent you always win. You are superior in weight and strength, yet you always get the best of it without a fight. I also have observed that you always win with your fellows in the gymnasium, and so far as I can learn, you have never actually whipped any one in the school. How do you do it?"

"I'll tell you, professor," said the young man, "if you'll keep it quiet. I hate fighting, but I find the only way to avoid it is to seem always anxious to fight. So I select the big, lumbering fellows and pick on them because I know that they can't catch me, and I go away with 'H—' New York Times.

### All Tired Out.

"The doctor has ordered my wife to go to a rest cure."

"Why should she need rest? You have no children, you have no servants to do all the work around the house; your wife has an electric, so that it is never necessary for her to walk anywhere, and she never finds it necessary to do any sewing or darning or anything like that, and I have no doubt that she even hires other people to press her clothes and arrange her hair. How can a lady so fortunately situated possibly be in need of rest?"

"She's got all tired out trying to think of new ways in which to make me more worthy of her."—Chicago Record-Herald.

### Easy Bargain.

Having tried unsuccessfully various highly recommended recipes for dislodging selfish passengers from crowded seats, the woman who swung from a strap in front of the sandy man tried talking at him to her husband. As a pretence for her harangue, she said impressively:

"If you, James, should ever be plighted enough to sit down while there was a woman in the car left standing, I would never speak to you again as long as I live."

The sandy man looked up then.

"Lucky chap," he said. "Not many of us could purchase peace at that price."—Exchange.

### Her Lucky Number.

Miss Mathilde Blomant, being born on the 15th of the month, had always regarded the number six as lucky, so when she took to dying she selected 6 for her good luck charm. She began her "lucky" life on Aug. 13. She made her first exhibition in Mexico on Nov. 13, and her marriage bore this number. Her first letter to a man began with the thirteenth letter of the alphabet. On March 13 of last year she flew at Shreveport and met with an accident, but her serious injury. This she considered lucky, as she was buried under the wreckage.—Exchange.

### FIGHTING THE FLY.

If the Pest Gnat in the House Has

Are Ways to Get rid of It.

Prethrum powder burnt in a bowl stupifies a fly until you can sweep it up and crush him where he belongs. Little of this burnt in the rooms in the morning—after which the rooms should be aired—will make the house empty from flies at once. Twenty drops of carbolie acid dropped on a hot shaver or on any piece of warm iron crusts a vapor that kills flies dead.

The common muscivore plant grows in jars and placed in a room makes things unpleasant for flies. A hard thin leaf in the white clover. It is strong but dies into the odor of white clover. Have a little of this around a vase and you will notice that it flies have business in the outdoor direction. This clover should be renewed every day or so, for when it becomes dry it irritates the nostrils.

A cheap and effective poison not dangerous to human life is bichloride of mercury in solution. One dram dissolved in two ounces of water and well stirred, placed in shallow dishes will call the long roll for any number of pests. An other remedy that for all purposes has the flies scared is a very strong solution of formaldehyde in water. A spoonful of this liquid in a quart of a pint of water laid exposed in a room will make the flies scarce in a very short time. Flies are sensitive to light. Keep the window curtains drawn, all except one little slit, and they will gravitate toward it. Thus you can easily drive the pest from your window.—Home-Crow in Leslie's.

### TALKING MOTION PICTURES.

Simple Method by Which They Are Produced and Operated.

Just how the new talking motion pictures are operated and why the voices of the people appearing on the screen seem to come direct from the mouths of the actors are questions which many people ask whenever the "talkies," as they are now called on New York's 34th side, are shown.

The motion picture machine, high up in the gallery of the theater, and the phonograph, located in a well in the stage just behind the screen, or curtains, are synchronized or made to operate at the same time and speed, so that the motion of the lips in talking and singing may be simultaneous with the sound of the sound. Every sound or noise made by the persons appearing on the screen is picked up by a "talking" machine, which is a single phonograph recorder while the motion picture camera is taking the pictures. It is reproducing the talking pictures all the time, so that the sound of the phonograph and the motion picture machine be run in the same relation to each other as when the pictures were made up and the sounds recorded. This is done by mechanically connecting the motion picture projecting machine and the phonograph by means of an endless wire cable running over pulleys.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

### A Lightning Sketch.

"President Wilson ought to have been a novelist," said a Princeton professor. "He has the most marvelous faculty for creating characterizations."

"A bold characterization?" the presidential reporter faltered.

"Yes. By that I mean the faculty of portraying the character of a few words. Let me give you an example."

"President Wilson once mentioned a great individual in my hearing, and I said:

"What sort of chap is he?"

"Well," President Wilson answered, "you can't get an idea into his head, and you can't get one out of it!"—New York Tribune.

### Alfonso's Grim Relics.

King Alfonso is credited with forming a collection of objects against which the various attempts against his life. Among other items he possesses the mither tip of a feeding bottle with which an attempt was made to poison him at the royal christening, the walking stick with which a discontented servant tried to brain him, pieces of the bomb thrown at him in Barcelona, the splinter of one of the horses killed by the bomb attack in the Rue de Tilvill, Paris, and fragments collected in the street after the explosion of the laboratory machine hurled at the royal carriage on his wedding day.

### New German Submarines.

The new German submarine will, like the British, be fitted with guns of 3-inch and 4-inch bore, respectively. The 4-inch gun is mounted on deck and aims with the boat. The three-inch gun is of the disappearing type and can be trained in twenty seconds. It is said to be equipped with a very real at an angle of 180 degrees against aeroplanes and is manned by a crew of four men.—Shipping Illustrated.

### Sweeping Horses.

It may be right to decide a man in horse in Australia since federation has increased very materially. The six principal cities show the following percentages: Adelaide, 33.3; Brisbane, 27.3; Sydney, 36.9; Melbourne, 33.1; Hobart, 17.3; Perth, 13.8; average, 24.

## MAKING A UNIFORM

It Was For the Czar, and He Wanted It in a Hurry.

### A SCARED CRIMEAN TAILOR

When Pounced Upon by His Majesty's General, Who Cloaked His Mission in Mystery, the Knight of the Shears Thought His Time Had Come.

By special permission of the court authorities an amusing account is published of the circumstances attending the ordering of a military uniform by the czar from a little tailor in the Crimea, Khaim Kurikbesch by name, who lived at Simferopol, the headquarters of the Crimean dragons.

When the imperial family came to Livadia, and some days before the annual fête of the Crimean dragons, the czar told the colonel that he had in store a gift for him and the regiment—the czar had consented to become their chief. His majesty added: "I shall be there when you and your officers are presented to the empress and shall wear your uniform. The only thing I believe I have of the uniform of the regiment. But that doesn't matter, there is time. If you hurry, to have one made. You seem to me to be a very good tailor. Form this beautifully. Who made it?"

The colonel gave the name of Kurikbesch, whereupon his majesty asked him to arrange that Kurikbesch should make a uniform for himself, adding, smiling, "Tell him to do his best and to turn it out as well as you can."

There is next given a terse description of the alarm occasioned among the Kurikbesch household, consisting of father, mother and nine children, when a handsome motorcar stopped outside their door and a cloaked general officer descended.

The general uttered a staccato sentence: "You must come with me. Don't be frightened. You'll know later when I'm taking you. I can't leave without you. You've got much time already. Get dressed quickly."

The tailor obeyed, went with his cap and recognized the general as Mr. M. Kurikbesch was doubtful whether she was a wife or a widow.

Eventually the tailor turned up safe and recognized the general as Mr. M. Kurikbesch was doubtful whether she was a wife or a widow.

He was assured that he need not be alarmed; he would be provided with lodging and with food, and the next day he would be taken by motorcar to Yalta and what he had to do. He was told he need not try to escape, as he would be watched.

The general was disturbed when a colonel entered the room and the "general of generals" addressed him to the following effect:

"Great good fortune has fallen upon you. His majesty the emperor wishes you to make for him a uniform of the Crimean dragons. But it must be as good as new. When the czar returns, I hope you won't make a mess of it. I will take you at once to the palace to see the czar and to see the czar's study to see his majesty's figure."

When the "general of generals" took Kurikbesch to the palace, the czar's majesty was standing reading a document with his back to the door. Some minutes elapsed before he turned around. In the meantime Kurikbesch was rooted to the floor.

The czar on realizing his presence fixed him and said: "Oh, you are here already! You are Khaim Kurikbesch, the tailor. I want you to make me a uniform of the Crimean dragons. Do your best and see that it is a good fit. Get to work at once."

Kurikbesch went on to describe how God had helped him in his work and how he satisfied the czar had been with the uniform and thanked him for it.

Kurikbesch refused to accept anything in payment, but "his" general insisted that, according to law, he was obliged to receive 50 rubles for his expenses. Moreover, the general added, the minister of the court was aware that Kurikbesch was in debt, and he gave the tailor an envelope containing 500 rubles from the minister to discharge his obligations.

Kurikbesch was driven back to a motor to Simferopol, and some days later an imperial messenger brought him a ship's case. The double eagle was engraved on the watch, which also bore the inscription, "To Khaim Kurikbesch for Zasl"—Argos.

### Living Cost Higher.

According to statistics, the cost of living in Australia since federation has increased very materially. The six principal cities show the following percentages: Adelaide, 33.3; Brisbane, 27.3; Sydney, 36.9; Melbourne, 33.1; Hobart, 17.3; Perth, 13.8; average, 24.







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**ROBERT WHITFIELD,  
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**Crop Report and  
Prospect Aug. 15.**

In a bulletin issued on August 15, the Census and Statistics Office reports that according to the returns made by crop-reporting correspondents at the end of last month the weather of July was upon the whole favourable to the growth of grain crops. The condition in the North-west provinces were reported as generally excellent. Representing a standard or full crop by 100, the average condition throughout Canada of fall wheat is expressed as 77.75, of spring wheat as 87.62, of oats as 87.45, of barley as 87.58, of rye as 85.00, of mixed grains as 89.33 and of flax as 83.85.

The percentage of the standard condition of spring wheat, barley, and rye represent the promise of yields per acre for spring wheat of six, for barley five, for rye of two and for flax seed of one per cent. above the average yields per acre of the last five years. The condition of the oat crop promises a yield equal to the average.

All the field crops of Canada on July 31, excepting only fall wheat (77.75), hay and clover (74.57) and alfalfa (76.35) are reported as having a condition above 80, the range being from 82 beans and corn for husking to 89 for potatoes and mixed grains.

In the three Northwest provinces spring wheat is reported as 84.40 in Manitoba, 89 in Saskatchewan and 88 in Alberta, the other grain crops being correspondingly high, barley, especially in Saskatchewan and Alberta being 90 per cent or over. Root crops in the Northwest provinces are also particularly good.

The condition of buckwheat in the Maritime provinces and in Quebec is 90 and over; but in Ontario it is down to 73.42. Flaxseed is above 80 in the Northwest provinces, and in Saskatchewan, where the great bulk of this crop is grown the percentage condition is 84.17. Sugar beet, grown for beet root sugar in Ontario and Alberta is 80.44 for the former and 92.31 for the latter province.

The preliminary estimate of the yield per acre of fall wheat is 22.38 bushels, which for the harvested area in Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia of 825,800 acres indicates a total yield of 18,482,000 bushels as compared with 16,396,000 bushels 781,000 acres in 1912. This yield is 13 per cent above that of last year.

The average yield per acre of hay and clover is estimated at 1.23 ton indicating a total yield of 9,396,500 tons 7,621,600 acres, as compared 11,189,000 tons from 7,638,600 acres or 1.47 ton per acre in 1912. Alfalfa with an average yield per acre of 1.38 ton, shows an estimated total production of 143,000 tons from 103,250 acres as compared with 310,100 tons from 111,300 acres, or 2.79 tons per acre in 1912.

"Why don't you hold your head as I do?" inquired a lawyer of a farmer.  
"Squire," replied the farmer, "look at that field of wheat. All the valuable heads hang down like mine, while those that have nothing in them stand upright like yours."

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Wherever the wage-earners control, free trade is dead. Australia is having a general election and both parties engaged in the fight are committed to moderate protection. For years the Federal Administration has been in the hands of the Labor party, which has maintained Customs duties against foreign imports as a means not only of raising a revenue, but also of assuring steady employment and living wages to Australian workmen. The Labor Premier and his colleagues have been active in shutting out American trusts and in advancing the interests of the workers.

The Liberal party, as the Australian Opposition is called, is composed partly of people who would be known as Liberals and partly of men who would be known as Conservatives in Canada. Sir Joseph Cook, who would become Prime Minister if the Opposition should carry the country, was once the leader of the old free trade element in the country. He now stands for the maintenance of the tariff erected by the Labor Government representing the great body of wage-earners throughout the country. What is of special interest to Canada is that both parties favor preferential trade relations with other parts of the Empire, and it is reported that Hon. Geo. E. Foster will bring back a satisfactory trade agreement from Australia.

All parts of the Empire except Great Britain are strongly committed to moderate protection for domestic industries with special Customs favors for other parts of the Empire.

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